HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MES. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United

CHAPTER I-CONTINUED

I will tell you a little of what she said and did, for I can never torget it. First she listened in her kind way to all I had to say then taking one of my great rough hands between both her little soft ones, she argued with me so beautinlly and so sweetly that, like an old too', I was so completely beaten on my own ground, all I could do was to sink upon the stump of a fallen tree cry like a child. Then, bless her little heart-I can see her now, was all so natural-like-she whipped out her own dainty little adkerchief, and while one little hand pressed kindly upon my shoulwith the other she wiped the go to the door myself." great tears from my face; and thanking and praising me as though I had been a dear friend instead of an old servant, she bade me cheer up, and be as true and faithful to ber brother and his dear little wife as I had always been to her and her father, and 'Oh, above all things, John,' says she, 'take care of and love my darling old Leo for me.' That was her St. Bernard dog she meant. sentence! I began to hope me words were beginning to tell on her. She did feel leaving us then after

But she became a Sister of ority, did she not?"
Of course she did! When did a shoulders, while Ryder Charity, did she not ?" sause she did it. Yet she was so diseases from the poor and die, she did but clap her hands and laugh at me. 'No such good luck, John,' said she; 'I'm far too strong and ealthy to be so easily laid low. Never fear for me!' she went on; her life for another, then you must be very proud of me and very pleased to hear it too!' shan't be either,' I answered rudely enough. Yet she wasn't a bit vexed with me-only laughed again. Oh, how we all loved her !"

And where is Sister Marguerite now-Lady Beatrice that was ?" London for a few years; but when his Franco Prussian war broke out, of course she was drafted off at once to nurse the wounded. You depend on it they knew what they were about when they sent her. They knew she would do the work of two, and never think of herself."

I did not know she had left London. I am so sorry! Oh, I did vish to see her just once again. Why, ma'am," exclaimed Ryder, endeavoring to rouse himself once

more, "I didn't know that you had ever seen her at all!" Nevertheless, I have," she answered, trying to speak carelessly,

though at the time I knew nothing of her former history.' Well, that's passing strange," he

de Woodville, now Sister the second was Marie Blake, now Countess de Woodville: all were old "Thanks so much, Ryder; there is school friends. Was the third one Miss Margaret FitzAllen, afterwards Aye, aye! that was her, sure

enough. Tell me, had she not seen a great

questions. Why, she's as curious as the rest of her sex; beats my old woman, for she does know when I'm sleepy and when to stop." So he paused before he answered: "Yes, na'am ; folks did say she had seen a great deal of trouble, and I do believe she had, for she had buried all that were near and dear to her." But she inherited money and married happily, did she not ?" again

queried the hostess. She did, she did; and mighty glad we all were when her good luck overtook ker. She was a right down bonnia Scotch lassie-that she was. The latter part of this sentence was uttered slowly and was barely audible, whilst Ryder's head began to nod perceptibly. Leaning forward, Mrs. MacDermot ventured yet another question, asking in a louder tone

than before:
"Lady O'Hagan lives with her husband and family in Ireland no #, does she not ?

Either Ireland or Jericho-I'm not sure which," mumbled the old man in reply. Mrs. MacDarmot looked very young as she smiled playfully, saying to herself, "Sleep in peace, poor old man, I will not disturb you more. But how I love to hear of those three dear souls."

She now turned energetically to her work, as though to make up and atone for the time lost in gossiping. The rain hal apparently caseed though the wind was still blowing a gale, such a one as frequently visits our shores about the end of autumn, denuding our favorite forest trees of their last vestige of summer foliage, and not unfrequently tearing up ruthlessly and cruelly levelling

the ground the tallest and proudest of our greenwood monarchs. Inside fortable. The regular breathing of the old coachman became mixed up with the solemn tick tick of the which was gradually but surely the kitchen all looked cosy and comclock, and the constant bang of the iron as it fell upon its stand. There was a pause now, as the busy toiler dropped her iron more gently than usual into its resting place, and looking up with a startled, timid gaze, caught her breath in short gasps expressive of fear. Her nerves had suffered undue tension for the past few years and she was easily fright. towards the lodge. "Hello, Ryder!" called that gentle ened now. From the outer door strange rough sounds proceeded as though an intruder were determined to force an entrance.

"John! - John! - John Ryder! cried she, hurriedly shaking his arm. "Awake up! there are strange noises outside. Perhaps one of the deer has wandered into the garden and lost itself. Help me, there's a good man! I am too much afraid to

'Eh! what's that?" he asked, starting suddenly and rubbing his head in a puzzled, dazed sort of

"Listen, and you will hear for yourself; some one is roughly trying the door." He arose, and drawing his big frame to its full height, he too paused and listened. But a smile broke over his cheery countan. ance as, striding rapidly to the door, voice shook when she spoke that last he said : " All right, ma'am ! There's no cause for fear. I warrant me I'll strangle the burglar single handed." She watched him open the door She did feet feaving as a little satisfaction boldly, and saw a great rough dog in that anyhow!" whining joylully, with its two clasped De Woodville ever give in if she had it round the body and looked fondly made her mind up to do anything? down upon its face. "Good old But we didn't blame her, just Leo! Dear old boy! Did ye fear the old man was lost?' he said, beautiful she would have graced a stroking the fine head affectionately throne! Even when I told her she "No, no; he's here safe and sound. would catch all manner of loathsome Ye have unearthed him at last, ye see. The old dog is pretty wet, ma'am, and in no fit state to intrude among your work. What shall I do with him, do ye think?"

Bring him in by all means," she said, advancing to meet him. Then, ome hear of your old mistress giv-ing her life for another, then you Lady Beatrice?" She repeated the name several times slowly and distinctly. The old dog raised one huge foot and placed it gently upon her, looking entreatingly into her face the while, as though he understood full well the purport of her inquiry. Then slowly withdrawing "Oh, where there's work to do, byou may be sure! She was in with dignity towards the old coachhimself from her embrace, he walked man and settled himself comfortably

at his feet. Now I thank ye much for the shelter and all your kindness, ma'am; but it's finer now and I must be moving. Leo will lead me safely back to me old woman. No doubt she's worried about me, and I shall likely catch it," he chuckled.

She will be glad to find that you sought shelter from the worst of the storm. But, Ryder, will you do a kind action for me tomorrow,

That I will, right gladly, ma'am. make it convenient to be anywhere they charged their pipes or lit their near, in case any carriage chanced to pass this way? They rarely do; still I should not like to leave the

well you've no taste for prying folks

no one whom I can ask to look after my little belongings but you. Women are kind, but they are so curious. By the way, I will leave the key in the door and shall start punctually at twelve o'clock."

"You may rely upon my being hereabouts by that time, then lady never speaks, and never asks no questions. Why sho's as constants

CHAPTER II

The following day, precisely at noon, the slight figure of Mrs. Mao-Dermot, neatly robed in black, gazing in a wistful and hesitating manner, as though scarching for some one, up and down the several tootpaths leading across the park. Upon one of them, leieurely mounting a rise, appeared the familiar form of the old coachman. Recognizing Mrs. MacDermot, he raised his stick and waved it briskly in the air, as though to remind her that she need have no misgivings; for, according to promise, he would guard her premises during her absence. This signal she acknowledged by a graceful wave of the hand, ere she disappeared quickly down the avenue of

leafless chestnuts.

The storm had lulled; the wind had altogether dropped; but there had been several heavy showers during the forenoon, thus keeping the large house party of impatient sportsmen prisoners indoors; and Ryder knew that some of them had ordered an early lunch, being determined to face the elements and try the woods for pheasants, or even for stray woodcocks that very atternoon. tallen tree he could distinctly hear small cottage of more than ordinary the frequent crack of the sports-men's guns which betokened that game was plentiful.

quietly the pipe of peace, for the pictures. A sudden spasm greater part of an hour, when his appeared to seize him, for h working its way directly over him. and nearer. "I'm in for a ducking, and so are they," he thought as, rising, he felt the first few drops of heavy rain and recognized St. II heavy rain and recognized Sir Hugh and four of his party emerging from the shelter of the trees and coming

man, accosting the old coachman in friendly tones; "I would rather be in the middle of a bleak fifty acre field than ramain under those if there is thunder about! Is there any place where we can obtain shelter until that ominous cloud is safely

'I don't think there's thunder in it, sir," returned Ryder, touching his restaurant on Second avenue hat, "and the keeper of the lodge is out at present."

one of the group of gentlemen standing near—my friend, Mr. Manfred, is out as unnaturally afraid of thunder and at least more of this will soak us to the and, as such, very acceptable to a

Without more ado Mr. Manfred, the gentleman already alluded to—a man of moderate height, whose appearance might have been pleasing but for the look of crafty suspicion which was never long absent from his features-stepping from the party and, brushing past Ryder, walked hastily up the small garden path, exclaiming almost immediately: "It's all right, Hugh, the key is in the door. Come along!" And without waiting or heeitating an instant, he turned it, Dermot's cosy kitchen.

Confound his impudence!" muttered Ryder, as he turned and trudged briskly after the intruder. Who is he, I'd like to know, that he forces an entrance into other folks' houses without let or leave?" The rain was pouring now with a vengeance, and the gentlemen, led by Sir Hugh, followed rapidly upon heels of their companion and Ryder.
"Well, I suppose there's nothing for it; so I must do the honors in

Mrs. MacDermot's absence," thought the old coachman. Come in, Sir Hugh! Come in, gentlemen. There's a fire in the kitchen, and if the chairs be short,

I'll bring ye more.' Not at all," answered Sir Hugh cordially; "those who wish to rest may do so; I and the others will watch the rain from the door, where we can enjoy our pipes in peace, and not fill this very cleanly little abode with tobacco smoke." He had observed the look of annoyance on Ryder's face when his friend Manfred had so unceremoniously entered the lodge; besides which, he seemed to recollect having heard his cousin, the Countess Marie, speak with great feeling and respect of some one or other who dwels at this particular feed for I see you're not the common lodge. Beckoning to his friends, therefore, he remained standing near

cigars. It took the coachman some lit le "Well, that's passing strange," he muttered.

"But, Ryder," questioned Mrs.

MacDermot once mers, "there were three of them, you said. One was your former mistress, Lady Beatrice governor mistress, Lady Beatrice de Woodville, now Sister Marguerite;

"Well, that's passing strange," he muttered.

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MacDermot once mers, "there were the premises it I'm three of them, you said. One was your former mistress, Lady Beatrice de Woodville, now Sister Marguerite;

The took the coachman some it is to beave the time to surely the wants of the washes the degos select where the washes the degos as the degos in the kitchen. That gentleman, having leisurely lit his cigar and duly admired the taste and cleanliness of his surroundings, set himself. as was his custom, to investigate things more closely.

Rising from his seat he sauntered round the kitchen, scratinizing everything with an air of lordly approval and mentally observing, "Ah, I recognize the effect of a cleanly and orderly old housewife here: it's a pleasure to see things so decently kepy." Then, noticing a door at the further end of the apart ment, he crossed over towards it and opened it gently. But he hesitated ere he advanced any further. There Dermot, hearly from the door of her emerged slowly from the door of her leadvanced any introduced in his lodge, and for some moments stood lodge, and for some moments stood was no more definite purpose in his mind as to wherefore he should promind as to wherefore he should be referred to the shoul ceed any further, as he stood there with the open door in his hand, than that unaccountable feeling of danger to himself and suspicious desire to which gave to his eyes their distrustful, almost hunted look. On the other side was a passage, a continu ation of the one by which they had entered; but though Mr. Manfred heard the laughter and jokes emanating from his friends by the door, he was effectually hidden from their view by a sharp angle of the wall. Urged by an indefinable feeling of curiosity he stepped across the passage and turned the key and the handle of the door which stood opposite the one he had just passed

> The apartment into which he now entered was a small but neatly furnished sitting-room. A chair and tootstool were drawn near the table, upon which stood a work baskst; an article of sewing lay carelessly beside it, a thimble and pair of scissors rested near. Upon the wall hung

He had been seated, smoking he fixed a piercing gaze upon the appeared to seize him, for his hands shook and his breathing became short and difficult. It seemed to his excited brain that he could recognize the style and hand of the painter here, and in vain he assured himself

IN AN EASTER DAWN

'Come on now, get out of here Do ye think this a bum's lodging house we're keepin'? Chase your self off somewhere else and be quick

about it.' Mike Duffy lifted his weary, sleep dimmed eyes to the face of the greasy waiter who was shaking him by the shoulder. Two hours before he had drifted into "Dutch Joo's" a very short space of time Mike was spend his last few cents for a cup of the "surpassing coffee," advertised "Dear me, how unfortunate! I in glaring letters on the window should not care so much for myself, but my friend here"—pointing to was warm in there, and though vile to taste and smell, the stuff dished pure Java and Mocha" was, at least, hot. As for the "sinkers," lightning, and really we must find as doughnuts are called on the East shelter somewhere, for five minutes Side of New York, they were filling,

hungry stomach. For five long weeks Mike Duff had vainly looked for work through the big city where uncounted wealth and direct poverty rub shoulders daily. When his last dollar was reached he had to give up the wretched tenement room that he had been renting from folks almost as poor as himself. but which, at least, was a shelter from the bitter weather, and take to tramping the streets. Up and down from morning till night he had trudged, making a few cents here opened the door and sprang inside the passage leading to Mrs. Mac starvation, and trusting to the municipal lodging houses or some kindly mission for a bed at night. As these institutions only afford their charity for a limited time, Mike knew that this night he would not be taken in anywhere, and so had to trust to dark hallways and warm gratings till another day migat bring a change in his fortunes. With such a prospect before him he thought he might as well snatch a little sleep and rest where he had spent his las nickel, and so had almost forgotten his troubles in a deliciously warm doze when the rough voice of the waiter brought him back to hard reality

again. Making no retort more than muttered "excuse me, I was tired," Mike stumbled to his feet and made for the door. The greasy waiter again laid his hand on his shoulder, but this time it was with a kindly touch: "I ain't to blame you know bo," he whispered, "but the boss he don't want people hangin' around here after eatin' their run. 'Throw them out, Bill,' he says to me all the time, and, of course I throws 'em. I let ye sleep a whole hour at my own risk, but out you'll have to go Listen, come around in the mornin' about 4 o'clock and I'll stake ye to s kind of bums I deal with.'

Mike Duffy looked straight in the "That I will, right gladly, ma am.

"About noon I must leave the door; and Ryder thoughtfully leading to the door; and leave the door; whilst leave to the door; and the chairs, whilst leave the supplied them with the s will not always be. I thank you for your kindness and I will not forget

> As mike stepped out on the side.
>
> walk a gust of wind from the East
> River struck him in the face and sent see my mother and us kids laughin' s reets of Valette, every man and being, he entirely forgot that Mr. half-clothed body. He pulled up his two, three, the professor will count, tattered coat collar and pushed his hands into his spare sleaves for and then one, two, three, four, and avenue and Twenty fourth streets he paused a while wondering which way he should go. North and south Second avenue ran with no promise of any place where a worn out body might rest in peace for a little while; eastward lay the river, cold and dark and forbidding.

'I'll go up to the West Side," said Mike to himself, "somehow, the West Side is never as cold as the East. It may be on account of having warmer houses, but it never feels the same. Glory be to God I never felt such hard weather within a couple of weeks of Easter before."

Turning into Twenty third strest Mike walked or rather lurched, towards Madison Square. He falt strangely sick and dizzy and longed to reet his aching limbs if only on a bard park beach. The wind swept sees to the bottom of everything square was deserted when he reached one as Mike Duffy huddled himself. Christmas the Sisters in the school of Our Lady carried upright, accominto a seat in the darkest corner he fixed some up with cotton stuffia' could find in the little park where so and sold them. Kitty was wild when many other homeless wanderers have found temporary rest. He had picked "Jenny does all the sweepi up a couple of newspapers from trash cans on his way and these he inserted under his threadbare coat, back and front, for a little additional Presently his eyes became warmth. heavy and he dropped into the half sleep and half stupor that comes from cold and exhaustion.

He dreamed that he was a little boy again back in Ireland and it was Easter morning. Always restless and eager to find out things for himself he had crept out of bed at daybreak to see if it were true what he had been told about the sun dencing as it rose on that morning. of Earl de Woodville's, was representing the host during the Earl's entorced absence; and as Ryder sat resting himself upon the stump of a resting himself upon the stump of a type for one of them nestled a been his first great distillusionment, at the foot of one of them nestled a been his first great distillusionment, and had been his first great distillusionment, and had rankled in his heart till the bittarness of later and greater disdesign and beauty.

Mr. Manfred enatched the cigar from his lips and frowned flercely as memory. Then other visions drifted memory. Then other visions drifted

across his field of dreams. He saw I'll tell her all about your bein' so himself, a young, happy working man sick and comin' from Pennsylvania in a small mining town in Pennsylvania; he saw his wife and four small children around her and could us as soon as you're better. You'll hear her calling him to come to supper. A leaden weight seemed to be holding him down and try as he would to rise and come to her he could not move. Then—no it was not her hand was snaking him but some other hand—a rough hand that emphasized its demand by occasional raps of a club.

Mike Duffy at last opened his eyes and saw a policeman standing before him. He stumbled to his feet, tried to get his balance and then sank down at the officer's feet with a weak little moan, "for God's sake let me rest." The officer looked hard in the prostrate man's face, smelled his lying as a "cold and exposure" patient in a hospital bed and was trying, in a vague way, to understand what had happened to transwarmth. Cool fingers were laid on his forehead and wrist; a drink of something, he didn't know what, was to find peace and rest in sleep and-

dreams. Again he saw himself in the little that deprived him of memory for awarded to him by the company whose car had struck him down, he ment for Judas Iscariot. spent every cent of the money in a CLAPPERS INSTEAD OF CHURCH BELLS vain search for the wife and children he had left behind in Pennsylvania and who had drifted away from the little town where they could find support no longer, no one knew whither.

Among those who often paused by his bed in the hospital to speak a kindly word to Mike Duffy was a boy of about twelve years old who, though still carrying a crutch, was to be discharged in a short while as cured of hip disease. He was a bright little chap and loved to make himself useful to the other patients, seeming to be especially drawn to the pale, sad-faced man whose utter weakness made him so helpless. He told Mike all about his operation and how the doctor had taken the diseased out of his hip, how he expected to be home with his mother by Easter and of his plans to start to work on his old paper route just as soon as the weather got nice and fine.

'My mother has a candy newspaper store," he confided to Mike, "and now she's doing fine. At first, of course it was hard but the Passion of Our Lord. Every scene Jew at the corner took it into his is mounted on a wooden platform, head to die and now she's gettin' all the trade. Why, last month we made enough to put in a grand glass case for cigars and my mother says that the lifeless body of Christ, enclosed if she can keep on sellin' cigars the in a sort of coffin with glass sides

and talks bad words to himself and

'Jenny does all the sweepin' and pet of the family. You see it was on account of her being named Jane that my mother's aunt left us the seven hundred dollars that started us in business after my father was killed by an automobile here in New "Jim and Betty and Jenny," mur-

mured Mike, the sick man, feebly, and what is your name, boy ?" "Why, my name is the same as yours, I read it on your paper there

the time they brought you in. My name is Michael Duffy, too." The man grasped the boy's hand lercely in both of his. "Tell me, flercely in both of his. son, when is your mether comin' to

take you home?" he whispered. "Tomornow, Easter Saturday."
The boy's eyes were shining. "I'll tell her your a namesake of ours and won't she be surprised. Aye, and

where we were all born and I know come won't you?

Mike Duffy laid his head back on the pillow with a long drawn breath Yes, I'll come, boy, if she asks me," he said. "After all Easter is the day of Resurrection and many s gravestone is rolled back still in the world today. Son, when you're sayin' your Pater and Aves tonight say one for your old namesake here that his stone may be rolled back this coming Easter dawn."-Teresa Brayton in Catholie Sun.

GOOD FRIDAY

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES

Some of the most beautiful cue toms in connection with the cereonies of the Catholic Church, writes Darley Dale, in the London Catho lic Times, are those which take place port him to such a haven of rest and in various countries on Good Friday Touching as many of these are, occasionally an element of the something, he didn't know what, was grotesque creeps in, which is always given to him and then he laid back associated with Judas Iscariot and his head for the third time that night the Jews. For instance, in Corfu effigies are made of the traitor or Good Friday, and when the bells ring out on Holy Saturday, this effigy town where his young manhood had is shot at and then set fire to with the spent. He lived through his fireworks, very much as English prosperous days again, and again he went through those awful days of the strike that had thrown him out of the bells ring out again, after the work and compelled him finally to silence during the hours of the seek employment in other cities. It Passion observed in all Catholic was while looking for work in New churches, the whole island seems to York he had met with the accident go mad with joy. Bells are clashed in the houses as well as in the five long months and when he came churches, guns are fired, and crockery to his senses again and was put is thrown out of the windows. The into possession of the compensation firing of the guns and the throwing of the china are intended as punish

In Spain, where there is a legend that the church bells go to Rome during the hours of the Passion, they bang great wooden clappers on the top of the church towers, and these are used instead of the bells till the singing of the "Gloria in Excelsis" on Holy Saturday. The origin of these clappers is to be traced to the early cays of the Church, when clap pers, before bells were invented, were used to call the faithful to worship.

SCENES IN THE PASSION

In the most Catholic island of Malta, where religious processions are a characteristic feature of the life of the people, the largest of all these processions takes place on the afternoon of Good Friday. Members of the various religious confraterni ties, all wearing hoods, walk in it. Following these are members of various religious Orders in their habits, and diocesan priests in their vestmente, all acting as an escort to a number of life size images, each representing some scene in which is carried with great difficulty way she is we will soon be able to and top, crowned with therns and buy a piano for Jim.

"Jim is two years old r han I am and he can play the mandolin and piano and all the teaching he got was down at the dego's school where follow. Very slowly this procession follow. partially covered with a long purple

In Italy, too, there are processions warmth. At the corner of Second sometimes five, the kids will rasp of the "Gesu Morte" on Good Friday. avenue and Twenty fourth streets he out on whatever they're makin One of the most pictures que takes The Signor tears his hair place in the town of Grassins, six miles from Florence. Here the Dead Christ lies exposed in the church all then starts all over again.

"One mornin' Jim got into the studio very early and began to pick until the evening. Then, at dusk, studio very early and began to pick until the evening. Then, at dusk, studio very early and began to pick until the evening. out the air of "The Little Stack of all the houses and villas on the hills, Barley, on the Signor's own piano, which surround the town, are illumfor it sounded better than the others. | inated with rows of lighted candles First he played with one hand, then and after sunset the procession starts when he got it goin' good he started from the church. It is led by a in with the other hand, sir if there small band of Roman soldiers. wasn't Jim hammering away with both fists when the Signor walked in. At first he was goin' to fire him but violet vestments; and then comes on afterwards he said he would give him lessons now and again it he'd carried by twelve men. Following only one, two, three his broom a this comes a triumphal car drawn little more around the corners. Jim by a white horse, containing some doesn't like sweeping.' Neither does tiny little girls dressed in white and Kitty. She likes to cut out paper wearing white wings. They are supdolls and put funny faces on them. posed to represent angels. This can She calls them after the people you is followed by the choirmen, all of bis destination, and the big clock in read of in papers and you'd die whom are peasants, singing lustify the Metropolitan tower was chiming laughin' to see some of them. Last as they walk. Then follows a status as they walk. Then follows a statue panied by a guard of soldiers. People, who have seen this procession, say it is most touching as it passes up and down the hill, the men singing cleanin' and cookin'. Mother calls the "Stabat Mater" and other dirge-her 'the treasure' and makes her the like hymns to slow and melancholy music, and the lighted torches illumfnating the village as it passes.

THE DAY IN GREECE AND BULGARIA Good Friday is strictly observed in Greece and Bulgaria, both in the Catholic and Orthodox churches which last, of course, are in a large majority there. The Bulgarian churches are crowded all day with people dressed in black. No images are permitted in the Orthodox churches. In Greece, a carved figure of Christ is permitted on Good Friday, life size. The service is very long, and in the middle of it this crucifix is placed on a bier and carried in procession, all the soagregation following and carrying It is considered a lighted tapers. great honer to help to carry the bier; and, when it gets outside the church

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